

Civil War Record

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Lieutenant Leonard L. Billings

1861 - 1866

CIVIL WAR RECORD OF FIRST LIEUTENANT LEONARD LORENZO BILLINGS--  
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, OCTOBER 1860 TO JUNE 1, 1866, WITH  
A SUBSEQUENT ACCOUNT UP TO 1930.

(BORN IN CANTON, MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER 11, 1843; STILL LIVING  
IN SHARON, MASSACHUSETTS, 1935.)

Mustered into Service, November 5, 1861.

More than two million men were enlisted to crush the Rebellion, from 1861 to 1866. I was one of them. The beginning really began in 1860, when I was carrying a torch in the Wide Awakes procession for Lincoln held in Cambridge during the fall.

In April 1861, many recruiting flags were hung out in Boston. I tried to enlist several times but was rejected on account of my age and size. Finally, the Captain of Company D, 11th Massachusetts Infantry, allowed me to sign up. As a private I drilled with a gun on Boston Common during moonlight nights. On May 9, the 11th Massachusetts Regiment, along with the 12th, went to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, to perform garrison duty. There we drilled before and after breakfast, and most of the day, and I learned to be a soldier.

On June 17, the United States mustering officer came to swear us in as soldiers in the United States service for three years. When my name was called, the mustering officer said to the Captain, "I cannot take him. He is too young. Send Billings home." He did send me home. My dream was over--only for a while.

I went to work, and during October assisted in Charlestown in organizing a full company of 101 officers and men, known as Company H, 29th Massachusetts Volunteers. We had our camp in North Cambridge, where I finally was appointed corporal, perfected in the "School of a Soldier," and obliged to drill the awkward squad. This continued until we were mustered into service on November 5 and received orders from Washington, through General Wood, to report to Newport News, Virginia, to do outpost duty for Fortress Monroe, about nine miles away. While in camp at North Cambridge, people from Charlestown often came out to see us. Several times the whole company, having joined the Sons of Temperance, marched down to attend the meetings, and frequently ladies and girls would send socks, mittens, boxes of cakes, etc., to the boys.

First Duty, Fortress Monroe and Newport News, November, 1861-May 8, 1862.

At Fortress Monroe, where General Mansfield (afterwards in command of the 3rd Corps, killed at Antietam) commanded, we had much drilling, guard and picket duty, and occasionally experienced some shelling from rebel gun-boats sent from Richmond.

While at Fortress Monroe, there was an exhibition of the merits of the "Sayer" gun, a new type of steel gun, of large size, throwing a 60-pound shell. One shot was fired, the shell passing over to the opposite shore (Confederate) about five miles away, but in the firing the large gun split in pieces, killing three men of our regiment by crushing them to death. For months I had waited to see the gun tried out, and, on this occasion, placed myself in the rear on a pile of dirt to observe direction and sight. When the gun went off, I rushed back some distance to my tent and fell on the

tent floor without a word. Then I jumped up, ran back, and found one large piece of the gun weighing 300 or 400 pounds on the pile of dirt I had just left and another piece nearly buried in the ground.

About noon of March 8, our company's drummer boy on duty at General Mansfield's Headquarters saw a lot of dark smoke at Elizabeth River from the dreaded Merrimac coming out from Norfolk, and sounded the long roll beat, which the sloop Cumberland and Frigate Congress took up off shore. At the same time, word came that General Magruder (Confederate) was outside with 6,000 men. Slowly the Merrimac steamed up near us, hardly paying any attention to anyone, passed the sloops, and turned and sent high shells at us witnesses on the bluff and into the camp. She then headed for the Sloop Cumberland, which, along with the Congress and our guns on shore, was shooting at her. The Merrimac soon struck the sloop amidships, opening a high hole through which the sloop filled with water and sank quickly. All the wounded and sick, nearly 100 of the crew, went to the bottom, a few swimming to land, whom we waded in and helped. Then the Merrimac drew off, shelling our camp. Meanwhile, the Congress slipped her anchors, floated down the river, and landed on the rocks at Newport News. Two steamers loaded with troops from Richmond boarded the Congress, but were driven off by the fire from our infantry and light artillery. As they left to join the Merrimac, they set the Congress on fire.

Well, excitement that night was fever high. Reinforcements came from Fortress Monroe, while we packed up, tearing up letters

and giving away what we could not carry. The guns of the Congress had been left loaded, and, when the flames reached the magazines, she blew up, filling the sky with burning oak coals. With me in my tent that night slept two sailors of the Cumberland, who said that the crew of the Cumberland had been shipped in Boston and that two hundred and fifty men had been lost.

Next day was Sunday. Off shore, near by, were only the waters of Hampton Roads, taking the water of the James River. Away off was the Frigate Minnesota which was receiving a few shots from the Merrimac. After Sunday morning inspection, I asked the Captain if I could go over to the shore and was given permission. Shortly afterwards came the Merrimac. The Monitor, which lay at the wharf, moved out towards her, and then shots were exchanged as they got into position and found opportunity. One hundred pound shots went over my head and landed in Camp, every time the Merrimac came near our position. This was continued, both ships afraid of getting on the mud flats and both trying to force the other into that difficulty. Finally, the Merrimac withdrew to Elizabeth River on the way to Norfolk. These two days were our first real initiation in war. We were no longer recruits.

Later, at Fortress Monroe, where I was sent on duty, I saw the Monitor and discovered that no real harm was done to her turret. What good fortune that little one-gun Monitor brought! What a relief to every city on the coast! Every navy in the world had to be rebuilt from wood to iron, for wooden vessels could no longer compete.

After March 9, the rebels stopped attacking Newport News. General Magruder with his 6,000 Confederate troops did not attack but moved up the Peninsula. From this date McClellan began to land his advance forces of troops, supplies, artillery, and everything an army needs, all of which came ashore for days and days, moved on its way to Yorktown and thence to Williamsburg, fighting somewhat as they advanced. We at Newport News could hear the cannon twenty miles away--On and on they went. Why so long? Just to give time for the Confederates to build forts and earthworks at Richmond and permit Magruder to walk away to Richmond, with McClellan following. Finally, the second Army Corps did have a fight at Fair Oaks under General Sumner and held the ground.

Peninsula Campaign, May, 1861-July, 1861.

Meanwhile, our regiment remained at Newport News until May 8. We then marched to Fortress Monroe, took steamers over to Sewall's Point, after the navy had shelled the enemy forts, and went into camp. At 120 o'clock midnight, there was a big explosion marking the blowing up and sinking of the Merrimac by the Confederates. Consider the history of this boat--her birth, the fight, and now her death--a history of the past. I saw and became a part of this, since my grandfather as early as 1854, when he was on duty at the Charlestown Navy Yard, had taken me to see her launching, and even now I have a piece of oak which I secured at the time of her destruction.

Near Norfolk, we ran across the Confederate fortifications, which had many guns (100, at least) of large calibre and could not have been taken by us if garrisoned. But everything had been left in good condition, without the firing of a shot. We just passed through the city of Norfolk and over to the Portsmouth Navy Yard, where we found great destruction, including the fine dry docks, buildings, and cannon. Even the hospital was abandoned so hastily that legs, arms, and blood covered the floor of the operating room. A horrible sight!

A stay of a few days here sent us on our march to Suffolk. It was a hot, hotter, hottest day to march nearly thirty miles, with well-filled knapsacks, and the regiment strung out for miles. I went with the colors, but very few others were with them. Colonel Pierce, our colonel, was censured, for there was no need of such disorder. Quite a few of the men never came back to the regiment. We stopped only a few days at Suffolk, many doing picket duty. Then we took cars back to Portsmouth, and then boarded steamers, passed around the Peninsula, and up the York and Pamunkey Rivers to White House. There we disembarked, marched to Fair Oaks, and were placed in General Meagher's Irish Brigade, General Richardson's Division, General Sumner's second Corp.

Our camp at Fair Oaks was in view of the Confederates. The railroad to Richmond--a distance of nine miles--ran past our line. Occasionally the Confederates would throw one or two shells, but they were poor shots, although some were near enough. The smell and water were bad, and, while we were on picket duty, the rain covered everything. The trees for a quarter of a mile had been cut and some three feet of undergrowth had come up. In a certain

tree a sharp shooter tried repeatedly to pick us off and we did the same to him. Some said he fell off the tree. One night, the entire company went to Savage Station and drew axes and handles which had not been fitted. Then, after dark, we went into the woods near the railroad and started to cut. Anyone knows that a man cutting a tree watches closely where and when the tree is to fall. So the wise boys went back and let the country lads cut. Just as the trees began to fall, the rebels brought five or six hundred men, fired a volley, and the bullets seemed to fill the air. No more trees came down. We went back to Camp, deciding that we were better at shooting. Our camp proved a hot spot and we were on the picket line very often, more often than our turn, we thought, but we never had to shovel dirt. All the time we were at Fair Oaks no drums or band were heard, so that the enemy might not know where the line of intrenchments were. When the fighting commenced, it was all in open fields.

On this our last duty on picket, I have a story to tell. The detail started off on the left side of the railroad, and I was the last post of the detail joining the men of the sixty ninth New York. It had been quiet during the day, save volleys and cannon fire which seemed nearer and louder, perhaps eight or nine miles. Well, it came sun down and later--ten o'clock, when I began to think. So I went to the right for almost one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, where I believed the Sixty-ninth New York were, but found no one. I told the two boys with me I would go back to where the reserves were. Then I trudged through the woods in bright moonlight. As many had been killed and left and trees had fallen, one had to think quickly, with a loaded gun in hand ready to be used before the

other fellow could use his, and so our life at Fair Oaks or Seven Pines, as the natives call it, was severe roughing it, with our picket posts in a level swamp and sharp shooters ready at all times to pick us off. The dead were barely covered with dirt. Every morning a gill of whiskey was served and most of the company took it, in spite of our being "Sons of Temperance."

Finally, the enemy on our right, some five or six miles away at Gaine's Mill, started a severe battle and drove back our forces. The Irish Brigade was sent to help, had severe fighting, and received high credit for its work, losing many officers and men out of the regiment. This was the beginning of the Seven Days fight, my particular company being on picket duty and often getting nearly lost at night. The next morning, our brigade was sent to the railroad bridge at the Chickahominy, to prevent the crossing of the enemy. Soon a railroad train of many cars, loaded with ammunition and army stores came down all a-fire and went over the bridge, engine and all, into the river, with no one on the train. This was a grand sight.

After that, we were sent to Savage Station, where the Army was fighting fiercely. A stack of hard bread as large as a nine-room house was ablaze and whiskey was flowing on the ground a-fire. We got into the thick of this fight up to dark.

Then we started and marched all night on a rough road through dense woods filled with artillery troops. Often we became separated from our regiments and were mixed with other

outfits. At the clearing in White Oak Swamp, we stopped for breakfast, but not for long, for soon the enemy came up and sent shell after shell exploding in our midst, severely cutting up the horses and mules, taking the Colonel's arm off at the shoulder, and cutting others. This all lasted some little time, ending in the regiment's going on to Glendale, where another stiff fight took place up to early afternoon. Then on to Malvern Hill on the James River. Here we found cannons by the hundreds at the crest of the hill over looking an open plain and all of the one hundred thousand (federal troops) in sight. Magruder, with his army, came into the open and experienced a terrific slaughter. Driven back, he came on again, but finally gave up after great losses. Had McClellan been a fighting general, he would have been in Richmond!

After that, the army started for Harrison's Landing, but our regiment and one battalion of regulars were left on the field alone, following to the Landing after midnight. Our whole regiment was then, July 4, 1862, put on sick list, with no duty to perform, completely done up, the weather very hot and water poor. At this time, President Lincoln came to review us. No one knew he was coming, and I was without pants.

In about a week, our regiment being better was sent back to the foot of Malvern Hill for fifteen days picket duty. At two points the pickets were several miles from camp, one of twenty-five men at the main road and the other more than one half mile away at a grist mill. Personally, many things occurred at the grist mill with which I had to do. There was a ditch made there almost a yard wide, the thrown-out dirt making good breastworks to lie behind. In front, for protection, was a cleared acre of land, with woods at edge and a cart road

leading to the mill. After we had been here a couple of days, a bargain was made with the Confederates, not to fire on each other, so we moved about with no fear.

One afternoon, the sound of tramping horses and jingling sounds, etc., came on the air. Everyone jumped for his gun, and laid down behind the earthworks in the ditch. Out of the woods came a general and many horsemen. The men cocked their guns to fire. The horsemen, meanwhile, had come well out of the woods, saw our guns leveled at them, and then halted. Immediately, the general saluted, lifted his hat, turned about, and countermarched back to the road by which he entered. He found we kept our word not to fire, and fortunately for us, since we were alone, many miles from the main army.

The night of our last day on picket, the captain called me to come out to where he was on the main road. He then instructed me to go to the grist mill, where I was to find and tell the lieutenant to take his men very quickly to a point on the main road. To reach the mill I had to go about a mile in the woods. I reached there all right and started back. I tramped along for some time until I found that I was in a large field I had not seen before. Finally, I reached the main road, walked up it, and suddenly came on to a rebel vidette on a horse. The horse was stamping the flies off, and the man sat upon it in full moonlight, a good shot or prisoner. But I went into the woods again, passed him, and very soon came to our own men. The captain then sent me to make the men go off, without any noise.

He himself started down the road, right near the vidette, but I pulled him back. He was indeed frightened. Then I went to get our men out of there and discovered eight of the eleven asleep. We all started off for the main army across the large field and got over by day light. Coming upon us on a gallop was a body of rebel cavalry. We pushed on to a hill where two pieces of our artillery opened and fired several shots at the rebel cavalry, putting them back in lively fashion.

On arriving at our main camp at Harrison Landing, we found that the entire Army of the Potomac had gone on the march to Yorktown and entirely forgotten us. This sort of thing frequently happens when staff officers do not do their duty. Well, the march to Yorktown was hot and very dusty, as many thousands of men and wagons had pulverized the dust. After being covered with dust inside and out, we were glad to get to Newport News--our old camp and good water. On the way, we passed the old Revolutionary breastworks. A few days later, we went by steamer to Aquia Creek and marched to Fredericksburg. Next day, we entrained back to the steamer for Alexandria.

Second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Aug. 1862-Dec. 1862.

In this campaign, the 29th Massachusetts Volunteers had been formed from several companies of the third and fourth Massachusetts which had originally gone to Fortress Monroe supposedly for ninety days, but the muster roll of these seven companies had been signed for three years and General Butler held the men. Much trouble resulted from this decision. For

eight months we served in the Irish Brigade, surely an American regiment. The officers received rapid promotions.

Well, from Alexandria we had a very hard march to the Second battle of Bull Run, which proved another mixed up affair. We got into the Centerville and Chantilly fights, and then had a long night march back to Washington. Next day, I served on brigade guard as sergeant of the guard. I told the captain who was officer of the day that I had no watch and, as each relief had nearly fifty men, I needed one. He replied, "Take mine." I did. Next day, he went to Washington, while I went to Rock Run to wash in the brook, taking my shirt off for the first time in six weeks and whipping the dust well from my pants. Before my shirt was dry, orders came to fall in, and we were started off on the Maryland Campaign.

As we went, we passed Fredrick, with peaches plenty, on to the South Mountain fight, next morning to the top of a hill, passing by many killed rebels, on to Antietam, and to the top of another high hill, which overlooked the small village of Sharpsburg and a pretty valley below. About sundown, on September 16, the entire Irish Brigade, with flags flying, marched and countermarched along the crest of the hill to draw the fire of the rebel artillery, just to find out where they were. On that day I was one of the corporals of the color guards. While doing this, a shot hit the ground, threw the dirt in our eyes, knocked us down, took off the foot and ankle of the color guard who was carrying the state flag, and rolled him

and the flag quite a distance down the hill. This was a lucky escape for me. The poor fellow who lost his foot fell from a wagon at Pembroke, Massachusetts, in 1928, and was killed. On the following day, September 17, was fought the battle where more men were killed in a single day than in any of the 2,000 or more battles fought in the war.

At Antietam, General E. V. Sumner commanded the Second Army Corps, in which was General Richardson in command of the First Division, which in turn included the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers (my regiment), as part of the General Meagher's Irish Brigade. (New York Troops) Early in the morning we moved to the center near to or at the "Bloody Lane." Heavy firing by Hooker's Fifth Army Corps had already commenced, as we in battle line were passing over a large field to the Confederate battle line, experiencing heavy firing of shot, shell, and bullets until near the Sunken Road. We stopped within fifty feet of the enemy's line. General Meagher had been knocked off his horse, Lieutenant Colonel Joseph H. Barnes took command, and soon many were wounded. At this point I was sent over a long field by Major Chipman to bring up the stretcher bearers for the wounded. Bullets landed in the ground, little puffs of dust scattered all around us, and every few moments a shell would explode over my head. I was lucky to escape, for many shells came before I got over the field, and often I fell to my knees, as shells burst over me, and arose again and again. When I reached the Hagerstown Road, I found the doctors, and at once started to lead

them to the regiment, but I did not lead them the way I had come, for, going further along the road, I found a little valley comparatively safe from shells and bullets. Consequently, we all arrived at the regiment unharmed.

Upon arrival, we found Jimmy Forbes, drummer boy for our company, with a wounded man. After placing the wounded man on the stretcher, he stood up with his end and we started off. Just as he did so, a bullet struck him so near the jugular vein that he was turned around, dropped the stretcher, and caused the wounded man to roll off. Then Jimmy, a boy about thirteen years old, was put on the stretcher and later taken to a hospital. One hour and a half later, after firing all of our sixty rounds of ammunition, we were relieved by General Barlow's Brigade and went back over the same field I had been on, during which one of our men was wounded in the hip. I never saw him again.

We then ate our breakfast, filled our cartridge boxes with sixty rounds of ammunition, and returned to the same place further down the Sunken Road, receiving now shells instead of bullets. Adjoining our regiment was a battery of artillery of six guns firing very rapidly. Right close by, General Richardson, our division commander, was mortally wounded, and the battery was battered to pieces, losing all its six horses but two.--Such a wreck! From now on we had light going, for two batteries were posted in front of our regiment. About this time General Hancock, our new division commander, along with his staff, came and remained twenty minutes, giving directions.

We remained at that place all night and part of next day,

but General Lee had left with his army. The Sunken Road was filled with dead rebels.--Such sights! One man was hanging on a rail fence, head on one side and legs on the other. Another man was perched on one knee on the ground, balanced by his gun. Still another was standing on his two feet, leaning on a rail fence, his gun between his arms, one hand with a cartridge to his mouth, stone dead. I believe he belonged to the third Maryland Regiment of Union soldiers which had been on the skirmish line. A grave forty feet long was dug and filled with bodies wrapped in blankets, but before the dead were all buried they built fires and burned them.

On the following day, our ~~segment~~ went to General Hancock's headquarters, near the hospital. Very soon, little Jimmy Forbes found me. His first words were, "Do you want some chicken soup?" "Yes," I said, and right away he brought me a quart, and it was good. Jimmy was all bandages but lively and brave as a man. Then we served as head quarters guard. But such sights near the hospital! On a litter of straw in a barn yard was a naked man, with the top of his head shot off so that his brain was visible, creeping around. A large pile of legs and arms, and masses of blood. Surgeons at work, still cutting, often all the chloriform had been used up---A good deal of war is never told! Next day we left there, waded the Potomac River at Harper's Ferry, and made camp at Bolivar Heights. What scenery!--The heights of Maryland, the Blue Ridge Range, the Shenandoah River, and, at night, the sight of the camp fires of thousands of men upon the hills, with bugles and drums

sounding tattoo--Even now, in 1932, the picture is still fresh in my mind.

I have thus written a good deal about Antietam because we remained on the field several days, although I realize that what is said about a battle concerns only that part of the battle near one, as some battle lines may be three to ten miles long.

Well, we remained here up to October and then by slow marches proceeded by way of Warrenton, Virginia, towards Fredericksburg, just before which General McClellan left us and General Burnside took command of the army. The President reviewed us, riding his horse finely. About this time, the captain came to me and asked, "How is my watch?" (the one I borrowed some while ago). I said, "It would not go." "No," he replied, "it will not." Well, I sent it to Washington, receiving a bill of eleven dollars and paid it.

From Warrenton we proceeded to Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, where we made a long stop. We were soon to change from the Irish Brigade, with which we had been connected for a long time. Although this Irish Brigade was made up of the Sixty-third, Sixty-ninth, and Eighty-eighth New York regiments--all Irish, the bulk of our force was American, as the different companies were raised and went out from several Massachusetts towns--Company A from Boston, Company B from South Boston, Company C from East Bridgewater, and North Bridgewater (now Brockton), Company D from Sandwich, Company E from Plymouth, Company F from Taunton, Company G from Pawtucket (then in Massachusetts), Company H from Charles-

town, Company I from Lynn, and Company K from East Boston. In spite of this, we got along finely with the Irish, who proved good fighters, the Sixty-ninth New York regiment on our right in particular having twenty color bearers killed or wounded. They carried into battle the United States flag, the New York flag, and the green Irish flag,--all of which made a wonderful mark for the enemy to shoot at.

For some time, General Meagher intended to present the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts regiment with a green flag and the commander of the regiment was willing to accept it, but he refused to carry it into battle as it was too much of a target. After that, General Sumner put the Irish Brigade into the Second Army Corps and placed the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth regiments in the Ninth Army Corps. The Irish Brigade soon went into the charge of Marie Heights at Fredericksburg, got slaughtered, and many have not been heard of since. History tells the story. We were near the Brigade on return, when General Meagher had a barrel of whiskey with the head off, offering it to the men who were left. I walked down and he saw me. As I had often been corporal of the guard, he called me up and filled my canteen with whiskey. Meagher was a lawyer and fine orator from New York. Soon he was sent out west.

Our activities in this battle were easy. A portion of the day up to noon, we were on the banks of the Rappahannock, right opposite the city of Fredericksburg, and, although considerable shelling came our way and our lieutenant was hit with a piece of shell, no one was killed. After noon, we were sent to the lower

part where the pontoons lay, and remained there watching the charging of Franklin's men. We saw them charge several times against the rebel forts, suffer large gaps, finally fall back. At night, in a pouring rain, we took up the pontoon bridges and pulled them on the beach--(some job!), but the rebels just let us go without doing anything.

Western Campaign: Mississippi, Vicksburg, Fort Sanders and Nashville, Tennessee, 1863.

After this, we participated in Burnside's mud march and then were sent to Newport News with the Ninth Army Corps--back to our old company ground. It was cold but we got lots of boxes sent us from home. Life was easy. Now for Kentucky. Oh, Lord!

By boat to Baltimore and train to Parkersburg on the Ohio River and by boat again down the Ohio, we proceeded to Cincinnati, Ohio. (March 26.). Up into the city we went to a large hall, where there were tables filled with eatables of all kinds and a furious reception. The stores would not take money for articles, everybody was generous. With well-filled haversacks we crossed the Ohio River to Covington, Kentucky (evening of March 26), and took train to Paris, a beautiful town. Here an academy for young girls turned out in large numbers and gave us a fine reception. We blacked our shoes, bought new white gloves, paper collars, and at dress parade made our best show on drill, to demonstrate how much better we could do it than the western regiments. Then companies were sent to two different bridges to protect them from guerillas, since many military supplies were stopped on the road. On April 1 an order came for the regiment to be sent to another place, but the citizens telegraphed to General Burnside and he

revoked the order and we stayed. About the latter part of April, we were all called back to Paris, where we received four months back pay. At the distillery we were able to get a canteen full of whiskey for ten cents--new and very effective whiskey, but our boys did nicely and behaved finely, and, when the regiment took train to go, the whole population turned out. They could not have exhibited more feeling if the regiment had been composed of their own sons, husbands, or brothers. Such Kentucky hospitality! We left Paris by train and were taken to Nicholasville, the end of the railroad line. From there we marched sixty miles south of Somerset toward the Cumberland Mountains--a beautiful farming country. Here the first battle was fought and the rebels defeated.

Our stay, however, was short, for we were ordered to report to General Grant at Vicksburg, Mississippi, in the shortest possible time. We proceeded back to Cincinnati, Ohio. From there we went by rail to Cairo, Illinois, I riding all the way down, day and night, on the top of a box freight car. At every station on that long ride people turned out, and, whenever the train stopped, loads of good things were given us to eat--a continuous and universal ovation to Cairo. At Cairo, we were put on large steamboats and in groups of many transports and gun boats started off down the Mississippi. At Memphis, Tennessee, we went ashore, and then embarked and passed on. From the western bank we were occasionally fired on, but the gun boats would shell the rebels out. Finally, on June 17, we reached and passed up the Yazoo River to the rear of Vicksburg.--It was all a grand trip for the boys.

boys.

Our camp at Vicksburg is where the Yazoo at one time had its bed. The banks are steep, at some places forty feet high on one side. There was a fine spring of water and the area is called Milldale. We had little to do, being held in reserve and expected to keep the rebel army under Johnson from joining the army in the city. The weather was nice, if you just keep still. This lasted up to July 4, when General Pemberton gave up and surrendered 32,000 men.

At twelve o'clock July 7, we were on the march under General Sherman towards Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, in pursuit of General Johnson's army. There were very heavy thunderstorms and rain in torrents, the lightning at night enabling us to see guns far up the road. It was so hot the men fell out by the hundreds. Usually, we started to march at four p. m. and continued until eleven or twelve o'clock. In many ponds we passed we saw oxen driven into the water, shot, and all bloated up. The inhabitants were sullen and jeered at us, although guards were placed to protect them and their property. A few houses were burned. Sherman had 30,000 men ahead of us as we passed cornfields for fully a mile along the main roads.

Near Jackson, we approached Johnson's army and drove them quickly into their earthworks. At this point we went by the Insane Hospital, where the inmates were yelling and hollering behind grated windows. A solid shot from the enemy's cannon hit the walls of the building, frightening the inmates, many of whom were placed there for safety away from the Yankees. Reaching within eighty feet of the breastworks, we lay there all day in the hot sun, with no water and bullets passing over us by the

thousands. We expected to get up and rush their works, but, instead, men were placed in rifle pits as near the enemy as forty feet, into which three men would be sent at night to stay twenty-four hours to shoot any rebel who showed his head. On our right General Sherman's men finally went up on a charge but lost heavily. This kept up for eight days, when General Johnson's army marched out at night.

At daybreak, we went in, seeing many women coming out of caves where they stayed all night in their night clothes, but we kept on to the center of the city, the boys finding a quantity of silver, much so heavy to carry that they lost it. Our stay was very short. After a hard march back to Vicksburg, up the Mississippi we went to Cairo--a beautiful ride. I kept to the upper deck, where it was hot in the daytime but cool at night. All along to Cincinnati we had a continuous crowd and plenty of watermelons and other things to eat. Our camp was across the Ohio River, where we stopped two weeks to recuperate, as many were sick.

On August 27, we received a rush order to proceed to East Tennessee. On the afternoon of the day we went, I told Sergeant Smith that my back was very sore, so he told me to lie down on the ground. He looked and said that I had a big carbuncle, ready to cut. Then, placing his knees in the palm of my hands, he opened it with his jack knife and one half pint of matter and blood came out. I was so weak I could not move, and, when the

train came for us, I was put on the platform car. Later, at Nicholasville, I was placed in the hospital tent with many others. The next morning I was up at sunrise and walked around the camp, but all guards were instructed not to allow any one to go out. A large number of men were sick and wounded, five men having died in the tent I was in the previous night. I should have mentioned that on our way to Nicholasville we stopped at Paris, where many people welcomed us again, passed out lunch and cheered as we started on--Fine people, these Kentuckians!

I got up at sunrise, as I said before, after being left at the hospital. I ran across a man who had been put in the hospital there when we passed through before and did not get down the Mississippi. We both went to the cook house, got breakfast, ate it, and then decided to run the guards, and head for the regiment. So we told the cook that we had been discharged, secured rations for three days, watched guards, got by, and tramped sixty miles on the highway to where we could make out our regiment by the camp fire at Crab Orchard, Kentucky. It took us two days to go that distance through that lovely country, with few horses and little human life. Naturally, the boys were surprised and thought it wonderful that we go through without trouble. Next day began the march to Knoxville, East Tennessee, through Cumberland Gap. We waded Clinch River, wet up to our shoulders, at a point near which a Twenty-seventh New Jersey Company in a flat ferry, with thirty-three men, a captain, and lieutenant aboard, capsized and were drowned--It was all rough, stony country, and our march took us through Mossy Creek, Bull Gap, Blue Springs, Campbell Station, etc., to Knoxville, during which we had big or lesser engagements,

hard going, poor clothing and shoes, and lack of rations. The Cumberland Gap had been very rough and difficult for men and beasts to get over. The men who had chills and fever lay down by the sides of the road in a blanket and afterwards got up and caught the regiment. Many were afflicted. But at the top of the Gap what a wonderful view of mountain ranges far and near. A boundary stone there marks the meeting of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, and from there I could easily see the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, the state of South Carolina, and Look-Out Mountain in Georgia. We rested here a while for the men to catch up, and then went down into East Tennessee, where we waded the Holston River and went on to Knoxville, a march of 210 miles in all. In a very short time, all our sick men were over their fever and ague and restored to remarkable health. And there continued to be no sick throughout the winter, in spite of a very active campaign, scarcity of food, the same clothing we had had in July, a lack of overcoats, overshoes, and blankets, and a temperature of zero.

General Burnside had been sent west to get control of East Tennessee and to hold it at all hazards, according to order of President Abraham Lincoln. Other officers had been sent before but they had always been driven out. This time, however, it was held from Knoxville to Virginia, a distance of about seventy-five miles, and as far south as Chattanooga, over ninety miles. With mountains on both sides it was difficult to defend both ends with a force of 10,000, and easy for 2,000 cavalry (rebel)

from Virginia to reach the Gap and stop our wagon trains as they came over the mountain from Kentucky, and take the wagon supplies. A large part of the people there were loyal to the Union, and the disloyal people were stripped of cattle, horses, and everything to eat.

Our first battle was at Blue Springs to the North. The enemy were broken up and driven back six miles until darkness came on. Later, we pushed on to Greenfield, where I saw Vice-President's tailor shop, and this sign on it, "A. Johnson, Tailor." During October, November, and December, we had several engagements at Mossy Creek, Bull's Gap, Lenoir Station, and finally with General Longstreet's force of 20,000 to 25,000 men sent from Chattanooga. Our first battle with him was at Campbell Station, where he appeared on two roads and in a heavy engagement forced us to fall back one half mile behind our artillery. The enemy came up the hill in large numbers at close range, when the artillery opened up with canister and slaughtered many. Again they came up and again were driven back. Finally, they gave up, causing us but a slight loss. I came near being taken prisoner on the skirmish line on the railroad track, when a lot of cavalry came down a road to a cut under the railroad where the road ran. I managed to get across but one of our company was taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville, where he died. After the fight at Campbell Station, we built fires at dark to cook coffee, but a brigade of rebels passed a volley into our regiment and we lost our supper. Later we drove the rebels back.

The 29th Regiment then started in the rain at night with the rest of the army for Knoxville, and by morning it reached the city and commenced digging rifle pits and building forts. Longstreet's men soon appeared about three miles off and penned us in for 19 days, constantly firing on the picket line. There was one artillery shot of great merit from Lieut. Benjamin's 20 lb. gun. It was aimed at a cupola three miles away in which there were six sharp-shooters. The shell hit the cupola and killed all six men, but, unfortunately, also killed our General Sanders, who with his cavalry was fighting near the lines--We named one of the forts, Fort Sanders, after this general. Our food was becoming very scarce and for a time our only diet consisted of a very thin layer of corn and cob ground fine and then baked. One other incident occurred about this time. In front of our position, while we were doing picket duty in the rifle pits, we kept receiving shots from the few houses. At night we were relieved. One day we found out who the rebels were in front of us. To our inquiry they shouted back, "Virginia regiment," and we replied, "9th Army Corps from Massachusetts." So we made an agreement not to shoot until we advanced, with a result that the situation was better and we could stand up and even walk around without being shot at. Finally, we agreed to shoot at a tin can as target. We appointed Sergeant Smith as our marksman and he hit the target every one of his three shots, while the Virginian missed all three times. The officers, however, got on to this

and sent an aid down to discover why it was so quiet, while firing was going on everywhere else.

On the 18th day of the siege, movements indicated that some engagement was to come off. So we were taken from the rifle pits and sent to the rear of Fort Sanders. It was the 29th of November and very cold, but we had a fire going and sat there telling stories and just waiting. Then about five of our companies were sent to another fort, leaving five at the rear of the fort. About daylight, without warning, shells from six batteries of 36 guns passed just over our heads. Without orders, we rushed to the rifle pits adjoining the fort and jumped in. As bullets came thick and fast, an officer shouted to go into the fort and put on bayonets. As we ran to the front of the fort, we found rebels on top at a salient point with ten battle flags. We gave them the bayonet, took the rebel flags off the staffs, and killed or drove off all the men. Outside the moat were men huddled up in a bunch fully 12 deep. I found a place where I could shoot at them, but, as I was too short to look over the ramparts, I secured a seat to stand on and fired several times into the mob. The moat or ditch was also filled with men. Lieutenant Benjamin of the regular battery took a very short fuse light from a shingle, burning through a 20 pound shell, and tossed it over the parapet into the ditch. No one was between him and me as he continued tossing over several more. This kept up for an hour until the three

brigades of Longstreet's army fell back and we were saved. Poor Sergeant Smith was hit in the forehead between the eyes, as he exposed himself to see the result of one of his shots, and instantly killed. He was a fine fellow and an excellent shot, and just before he was killed made the remark, "I got him," meaning, I believe, General Humphrey, the commander of the Confederate attack. The loss of the enemy proved very heavy--about 300 killed and 300 wounded, it was said, in addition to over 300 prisoners. I know this to be correct, because with others I was detailed to march them down to General Burnside's headquarters. The official order said that every man in the fort killed a man, wounded a man, and took one man prisoner. Two flags were also taken. Our loss was eight men killed and none wounded. A truly wonderful success!

How was it possible to achieve such success? Well, it had been a cold, frosty night, and the ground was frozen a good deal. Our engineers had stretched telegraph wires around the trunks of trees a foot high, in two lines, about fifty feet in front of the fort--When the enemy came up on the run, they struck the wire, were thrown down, thereby breaking up all military formation and making it impossible for the officers to direct the men. A flag of truce was shortly raised and nineteen ambulances filled with wounded were sent back to Longstreet. Two days afterwards, Longstreet took his army to the North and eventually joined Lee in

Virginia. So East Tennessee was saved for the Union, but not before we had a number of further fights and had hard knocks and suffered severely from the cold. At times, there were eight inches of snow, and the suffering was not surpassed by the Revolutionary troops at Valley Forge. At Valley Forge the soldiers were mutinous; in eastern Tennessee they were obedient and loyal.

A very good report of the experiences of my regiment is to be found in the Adjutant General's report for 1864, in the Massachusetts Archives, and also in many books of the Library of the Loyal Legion Commandery at the Cadet Armory on Columbus Avenue. A few facts about our conditions during this hard winter of 1863-1864, especially while on Clinch Mountain, will illustrate the loyalty of the troops, most of whom re-enlisted for three more years at this time. I had no blanket or overcoat and wore the same clothes in zero weather that I had worn on July 4, 1863 around Vicksburg. Part of the time I had no shoes, at one time tying rags about my feet and legs. Our food was so scanty that we would steal corn even from the horses of the officers, receiving a very close shot from the guard as we ran away. We had a small, much worn coffee mill which required one hour to get a gill of food. One day we were issued only one hard tack and a piece of raw cowhide with the hair on it for mending our shoes. We used this hide to make moccasins, which proved useful for the camp but not for the march. My tent chum, Corporal Gurney, afterwards killed at Petersburg, Virginia, and I stayed in a dog shelter tent, with

brush woven in the back of the tent, one half of a rubber blanket taken by me from a dead rebel stretched upon the bough of a tree in front of us, and another rubber blanket stretched under or over us. On the coldest nights on Clinch Mountain we had to sit near a high log fire, from which high winds sent ashes and sparks in showers, and our sleep was nothing more than a doze. I had no bath except what I got while wading across one of the rivers. Indeed, it is wonderful that not one of our company died, and that I, as I write these lines on May 25, 1932, near ninety years of age, have life enough yet to ride to Boston once or twice every week.

End of Siege of Knoxville, Reenlistment, furlough, transfer to Florida as Lieutenant, Florida Campaigning, January, 1864-June, 1864.

On January 1, 1864, practically all of our company re-enlisted for three years, receiving a bounty, a furlough of 30 days, and \$400.00, to be paid in installments of \$25.00 a month. In fact, we would have signed for ten years in order to get out of this place. In a few days, we did get out in a hurry to Strawberry Plains, north of Knoxville. On the march my cowhide moccasins stuck in a hole and pulled off, leaving my bare feet on the ice and snow. Well, we got to Strawberry Plains some how, where we remained until the 23rd Army Corps had been driven in by Longstreet, whom it had been watching for months. There was a large force of them and they had a right smart time shooting. A fine bridge was destroyed here, leading to the loss of a car-load of salt (so much in demand and now dumped into the river) which we had captured near Briston, Virginia.

At midnight, we started back toward Knoxville, 150 of us pulling by a long rope a brass Napoleon cannon for a distance of ten miles, which we loaded on a team of cars. While pulling

this cannon, Sergeant Wright fell and one wheel of the cannon ran over his leg. In the dark no one realized this. He dragged himself into the woods and lay there all day, seeing the enemy pass on their way South and again on their return north the next day. Later, when our cavalry went by, he came out and was given aid. Afterwards, he lost an eye by a bullet which he found and kept--moreover, he received a Congressional Medal for tearing down a fence at the Battle of Antietam. Such rewards come seldom! After the war, he was employed for years in the Custom House, and was used as a model, because of his large size, by the artist who painted the curtain in the auditorium of the City Hall at Brockton.

In our march back to Knoxville we now formed in line of battle, as Longstreet's cavalry started to press us through the fields. The whole force went on until it reached a hill, being flanked all the way by 2000 cavalry. Here we halted and waited. Up the hill the rebel cavalry came. When 75 feet away, the whole line of battle fired a volley. Down the hill they went on the dead run back to the north, losing heavily of men and horses. After the fight, we were sent through Knoxville to Erin Station on the railroad, six miles away. My last work with the old 29th Veteran Volunteer Regiment came on February 5, 1864, when, out on a foraging expedition several miles distant, we got two army wagons full of smoked ham, beef, and many things to eat. Back we went to camp to eat and sleep, in my case, to sleep my last night with my regiment.

Late in the morning, I was pulled from my tent while still asleep. "Come," said the boys, "your breakfast is getting cold. It is all cooked for you." I could not understand this, because, of course, for several months each one had to cook his own food

and coffee. But the boys kept saying that the Colonel wanted to see me, though for what I did not know. So I had a good meal and went up to see the Colonel. He handed me some papers and my discharge, telling me to report to the Secretary of War at Washington. Well, I could not account for this. I went back to my company, where the boys told me how lucky I was. But I could not see what, where, and how, for I was a long distance from Washington. However, with many good-byes, I footed it to Burnside's Headquarters at Knoxville, where from the quartermaster I received a pass and transportation. I then boarded the train to Lenoir Station, crossed the Tennessee River, and then proceeded to the headquarters of General Sheridan who had his division stationed there. Upon arrival, I went to a little house built up on posts and was told by the sentry to go up the steps. Imagine me, a well-tamed boy, with dirty light blue pants spotted yellow from many flying sparks from camp fires and torn in places, a pair of very old ill-fitting shoes, a very dirty woolen shirt not washed since last September, a dirty torn blue blouse, a very old battered cap, and a haversack on my hip. I knocked. A voice said, "Come in." There sat a small slender man with dark whiskers at a corner of a small fire place lit up by some burning coals. I told the man I had been ordered to Washington and wanted rations and transportation to Chattanooga. He looked over my papers and plied me with questions about my service, battles, officers, and what I had done in East Tennessee. All this time I did not know that I was speaking with

General Sheridan himself, for it was like two men talking informally and both telling personal experiences. Finally, he said, "You will find my quartermaster and commissary at the other door." I thanked him and knocked. Three or four voices said, "Come in." When I entered, I remarked that I was looking for the quartermaster and the commissary, for I had been ordered to Washington. One man asked me where I had come from, and, when I replied "Knoxville," he made me tell all about the Fort Sanders fight, because they thought we did very well in that fight. All the officers here had just had dinner, but they gave me a fine chicken dinner and, after some more conversation, directed me to go to the sergeant. From him I secured ten pounds of flour, sugar, bacon, and pork meal--a lot of food--, and then was sent to an old darkie mamma. She cooked for me two skillets of biscuits and fried my bacon. Leaving her a lot of food I did not care to carry, I went over to a small steamer.

At the steamer the captain said he had already more men aboard than he should have and told the sentry to allow no men to come on. I went on board, however, and found the decks so filled with wounded men that I could not lie down. So I passed the night in an uncomfortable position. Next morning, at Chattanooga, I got off the steamer and in an empty box car started on a long ride for Nashville. Arrived at about eight P.M. and reached the Soldiers' Rest just before closing time. Only one man was eating here. I was told by the girl to sit down opposite him. "What will you have?" she asked. "Baked beans," I replied. Up spoke the other soldier, "I bet you come from

Massachusetts." "Yes," I said. "Well, I come from North Bridgewater" (now Brockton). Then I mentioned the fact that I came from Canton. "Do you know Lizzie Billings?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "she is my cousin." "Well," said he, "I have taken her to ride many times." So we finished our supper and went for a walk around the town, during which he told me that he was in the Signal Corps of General Thomas' staff and invited me to come and sleep with him. I gladly did so. In the morning, I told him that I did not have a penny, so he took me to the paymaster, for I had not been paid since last September. After I showed my discharge, I was paid for six months at \$16.00 per month, that is, about \$100.00, as I had enlisted in 1861, and was given some clothing money--a goodly sum. Then, upon the advice of my friend, I got transportation to Boston, planning to stay home a week and then go on to Washington.

Soon I parted with my friend, and proceeded through Louisville, Kentucky, Columbus, Ohio, and Albany, New York, to Boston. Well, what I did there was quickly done, because my clothes were beyond repair.--I cleaned up, purchased an officer's dress coat, with pair of dark blue pants and a cap, shirts, and a number of things new and clean. Then I took a trip with my father on the train to Readville and walked five miles to Dedham Road and our old homestead, where Hattie Kate Manscroft, mother, and Uncle George lived. After stopping over night, I left in the morning for Boston, having dinner at Mr. Francis H. Peabody's house on Berkely Street, and supper at my grandmother's in Charlestown.

I was around the rest of the week picking up my outfit. Mr. Peabody gave me my sword, belt, and revolver; Cousin Adelaide Peabody a rubber wash basin, towels, and a sewing kit. Through a Mr. Whiting, a solicitor in the War Department, Mr. Peabody had my orders sent on to H. H. Peabody, & Company, Bankers, in Boston, and by these orders I was to report to General Wilde at Norfolk, Virginia. Before I left, I went to the Cambridge City Hall, because I had re-enlisted, gave in my name as part of the Cambridge quota, and received \$325.00 in cash. Then to the Quartermaster Department in Boston, showed my new orders, and secured transportation by railroad and boat to Norfolk. Well, I had everything I needed without trouble, and, after saying good-bye to all, was off again.

Upon arrival at Norfolk, I reported to General Wilde, whom I found to be a fine man and an able general, as well as surgeon. Leaving him, I went to Fortress Monroe and was sworn in by General B. F. Butler, mustering officer, as a second lieutenant in the U. S. Volunteers. Back to General Wilde again (who commanded the country about Norfolk), who asked me to serve as an aide on his staff. As I mentioned, General Wilde had also been a surgeon, serving as such in the Russia-Turkey War and losing an arm at the Battle of South Mountain, Maryland. I now had plenty of good luck and the best of good times with the other five fellows on the staff, often riding about on horseback. But it lasted only a short time, as the regiment to which I was assigned was in Florida. Officers were needed there, since in a recent battle eleven had been killed,

wounded, and taken prisoners. So the Secretary of War sent an order to General Wilde to have me report as quickly as possible to the 35th U. S. Colored Regiment in or near Jacksonville.

I now had to go back to New York for transportation by boat. Finally, I secured my transportation, sailed away on a pleasant ocean trip, reached the St. John's River, and landed at Jacksonville, a well-fortified town. Upon landing, I went to regimental headquarters in a large wooden company buildings, the officers living in tents, where I immediately sought Colonel J. C. Beecher, half-brother of Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, the well-known preacher of Brooklyn, New York. I found him lying down on a couch, unwilling to rise. When I reported who I was and gave him my orders to report to him, he simply referred me to the Adjutant, and I left to do so, not being favorably impressed with him. The Adjutant told me that I was on Company K rolls but that I should report to Captain Batchelder, a very quiet man, of Company H, which I did. The first lieutenant of this company was James O. Ladd, who had lost an arm at Antietam, while serving in the 15th Massachusetts Regiment. He proved to be a fine fellow, with whom I kept in touch, all the years up to 1925, by correspondence and meetings in Boston. He married a beautiful woman of the South, and later became editor of the "Washington Chronicle," at Washington, D. C. Later, still, he served for twenty-two years as postmaster at Sumerville, South Carolina, until he suffered a stroke which unfitted him for reappointment. He and I bunked together.

The day after my arrival, a regimental drill came off, and I had to command the company, because Captain Batchelder and

Lieutenant Ladd were away on picket duty. So few officers were left in the regiment that orders were given to form companies by division, making me command two companies, with a sergeant partially in charge of one. This was a pretty hard assignment for my first drill--to take two hundred men out of eight hundred, among entire strangers, all of whom naturally were sizing me up. However, I did the job as it should be and gained the respect of the other officers and the colonel for my ability to command.

At this point, I should speak somewhat of my finances and the officers. My great difficulty when I landed in the regiment was to provide for myself, as an officer has to feed himself. When the paymaster had given me my allowance in cash, I had to get my food at Norfolk and then provide for myself during my wait at a hotel in New York, where my stock of cash was reduced to zero. Fortunately, I met there a fellow soldier who insisted on my eating with him and going to the theater in the city. A few days previous, I had sent to Boston for \$50.00, and, on going to Adams Express Company and asking for a package, was given one with the \$50.00 in it, which must be used to pay my room rent in New York and supply my food for six months before I should be paid off again. How did I manage it? Well, by using my wits and living on regular army rations at cost.

The officers, I found, had all had previous service in the ranks, being selected from corporals and sergeants. Although only about two were gentlemen, I was fortunate in my company to have a companionable fine lot. Colonel Beecher afterwards was made a brigadier general and later became a clergyman. Henry O. Marcy was surgeon and finally became a doctor in Boston, earn-

ing \$50,000 a year. Henry Krebs, a nephew of the man who gave the large Heaven Telescope, (Mr. Lick) became fabulously rich in San Francisco. Several others secured commissions in the regular army and in civil life faired better than the average. As a whole, the regiment held its own during service, proved very reliable in action, and obtained a fine record. In the Battle of Olustee on February 20, 1864, for example, the regiment lost two hundred eighty men and thirteen officers killed and wounded.

To return to my story--During the latter part of March, it was so cold even here in Florida that ice froze in a bucket outside of my tent. On April 3, I was officer of the guard under General Gilmore, who commands the Department of the South, with headquarters off and on at Charleston Harbor. There are now about eight thousand troops in all here, three companies of which are mounted. Shortly, we start up the river to Pulatka, where I served as officer of the day. From there we proceed on the river as far as Welaka, one hundred miles from the mouth and the end of the water. There we land and march over land to St. Augustine, a distance of ninety miles, with barely a house in sight. I was in command of Company D. On May 7, we marched back to Pulatka on the St. John's River, finding it very hot in doing so. On May 22, we start up the river to Orange Mills. I was selected to go on a gun boat with Company E under Captain Daniels, but I persuaded the adjutant to select Lieutenant Ladd in my place, since it was an easy job. Well, they went up the river

until the rebs opened fire and forced the ship ashore, and those who did not jump overboard went as prisoners to Andersonville for the rest of the war. I didn't. Next, our regiment marched South to Volusia, back again to St. Augustine, then to Moulton Creek, where the ~~the~~ way was good, and finally to Palatka--in all two hundred miles. After that, we were sent to Black Creek, where we had a right smart brush with the rebels. Soon, we took steamer back toward Jacksonville, rushed up into the country after the rebs, met them, and drove them back to Jacksonville, but they failed to attack us further as we expected. At this time, I was appointed a member of Colonel Noble's staff, and was sent on a steamer to St. Augustine, a lovely spot, where we expected to remain, but instead we were ordered overland again to Palatka.

Campaigning in South Carolina and Florida-June, 1864-June, 1865.

After remaining in this area during very hot weather until June 29, we are hurried upon a steamer for Hilton Head, South Carolina. So we put out to sea, land at White Point, and fight all day. I was selected to take a detail of thirty men to destroy a railroad bridge, but we were driven back to our steamer under heavy fire, the men behaving finely all during the day. Steaming up, we proceed to James Island near Charleston harbor, upon which we land on the night of July 3. The firing from the forts at our navy was so heavy all that night that the earth fairly trembled. The next day, July 4, at 3:30 A. M., I was detailed to take seventy-five men on picket duty. We got away all right, but during the day near the rebel forts we could not stand up without being threatened or hit by a dozen bullets, and, at night, phew, how those one hundred pound shells flew over our heads! Large shells

with a burning tail of a fuse sent from mortars would come over and explode in or near our camp or the forts at our rear. To this day (1932), I have never seen any fireworks to compare with them. And I must not forget the swarms of mosquitoes in the air about us! But I was so sleepy, not having slept only the night before, that I went to the picket post way out in front and lay down in my rubber blanket, ordering my men to wake me soon. I had not slept more than ten or fifteen minutes, when a soldier aroused me. Up I jumped to my feet, wide awake.

On July 6, I was again on picket duty away up in front, in line of the shelling from the battery of our forts, our gunboats, and monitors. Every kind of a cannon was used, one large one being mounted even on a ferry boat. From every fort <sup>of</sup> <sub>the</sub> enemy, also, late in the morning, cannons sent over shells so that the ground shook. On July 7, I was off picket duty and slept, but at dark we were placed on a steamer and sent to St. John's Island, where we had a terrible fight for an hour, driving the rebels to their forts and then following back to the landing place. On July 10, we took steamers again to James Island, crossed to Cole Island, then to Folly Island, and finally, on July 13, back to Jacksonville. On the way, during a storm, one of the blockade gunboats fired a shot at us.

On July 15, I was with the Trout Creek Expedition down the St. John's River, during which we landed, marched thirteen miles back to Jacksonville, without finding anything but experience and an all day rain. On July 20, the regiment went by steamer up the river to where the Cedar Keys Railroad crosses the St. John's

River and thence to Baldwin, but I was here taken down with jaundice as yellow as anyone ever had and did not go on immediately with my regiment. Later, on July 29, with Lieutenants Ambler and Stone and two hundred fifty men who were sick, I was sent by train to Baldwin, almost twenty-five miles, where we found the regiment. Our troops tore up the railroad and captured a locomotive and train of cars, after having quite a fight. Finally, the rebels received reinforcements. Then I was officer of the day, but, not being very well, was sent by the surgeon back to Jacksonville.

On August 16, a salute was fired in honor of the capture of Mobile. On this day, I was appointed Recorder of Court Marshal for the Major. During six very hot days, I sat with dress-coat all buttoned up and a belt and sword. On September 8, I was in charge of a hundred men putting lumber on a schooner at night--some job! During the next few days, my assignments were: September 9, picket duty; September 10, drill; September 11, picket duty in charge of one hundred seventeen men on the line (at the age of twenty one); September 13, picket duty; September 14, drill; September 15, picket duty; September 16, detailed with sixty men for Fernandine on the coast of Florida to load 1750 tons of coal, between tides. This was some work, and required two pails full of commissary whiskey to get it done, after the general thought it could not be accomplished. On September 20, I was on picket duty again, although all was very quiet now. On October 1, I was in charge of one hundred men loading a schooner with lumber. About this time, General John P. Hatch reviewed our regiment. Went out into the country and brought in over one hundred

prisoners. The pay master paid us off, and sent one hundred fifty home. On October 14, I was officer of the day; on the 16th, picket duty; on the 24th, Harry Krebs, with whom I became a close chum, from the forty-eighty Pennsylvania regiment, and Bobby Creighton, came to our regiment as lieutenants. Then I loaded a schooner at the saw mill. We received a new lieutenant colonel, formerly a judge in New York. On the twenty ninth, I am on picket duty again. On November 1, I am sent with two hundred men to the saw mill and, a day or so later, again, working frequently all night up to six A. M. They are trying hard to make me a stevedore. Recently we expected the rebels to attack us, since they are outside in force.

Now, something really happened. I was given five-days' rations, put on board steamer, and sent up the coast to Hilton Head, where we found lots of steamers filled with troops. Going up Broad River, we landed at Boyd's Point, marching for three or four miles overland with four or five regiments in line of battle, intending to push the enemy and then charge. We pushed ahead all right and found the enemy. Firing a volley, we rushed at the rebels through woods, fields, and swamps, and away they went. Cannons opened up immediately, our force on the left had to fall back, and then we had to do the same. It was warm fighting for a time, our regiment losing one hundred seventy-five men killed, wounded, and missing. Colonel Beecher, Captain Whitney, Lieutenant Krebs, Lieutenant Stone, and Lieutenant Ambler were either wounded or disappeared. The Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Regiments

got it very severly. As for our regiment, after falling back a distance and drawing the enemy out of the fort, we formed a line in an open field, along with a New York battery under Captain Titus. While lying side by side with Captain Armstrong of our Company K, in front of the battery, a piece of wood and tin that held a canister together hit and scraped the captain's head, after cutting his hat. After the battery had fired fifty-five charges, we were the first to rush the enemy, who broke and ran. It was now dark, and I was so wet with perspiration that I could wring the water out of my shirt. Soon we returned to Boyd's Point, where I was sent with two hundred men to dig rifle pits all night. The engineers had already put down stakes two feet deep for about one half mile and three feet deep for a distance of seventy feet for the cannon. Well, I placed twenty-five men under eight sergeants and eight corporals and had them start digging, the men working in relays of twelve for each half hour, so that for a time the dirt did fly.

As I was wet through and the night was cold, once I got things going, I started back to find the regiment. Though dark, the camp fires helped me find my way. I soon ran across Captain Titus of the third New York Battery who told me where my regiment was. While warming at his fire, he asked me what I was doing. I replied, "Digging rifle pits--I had only had for food all day my breakfast on the steamer." He called his lieutenant to bring up a canteen, which he did, fetching a full canteen of whiskey. Well, the chill went off quickly. Then the captain said, "Keep the rest." I started for my captain, and, at twelve midnight,

found him asleep. I went up to him, put the canteen to his nose, and pushed him. He awoke and grabbed the canteen. Then he asked, "Where did you get that?" Without answering his question, I replied, "Say, take some more, there must be a little of that quart left." "God bless you," said he, and took the canteen again. Well, I got hold of a few pieces of hard tack and returned to my job somewhat refreshed. At day light, the officer of the day came round and said, "Well done, you are relieved. Tell the men." So I marched my men back to camp and went to sleep. At about noon, the rebels commenced to throw shells into us, so we turned out and drove them back four miles, returning to the Landing. Every day, however, there was some fighting, and on October 5 I was placed on picket duty and the regiment was turned out again.

On December 6, the regiment went aboard the steamer and was landed at Devoux Neck, advancing and driving the enemy a short distance, and lying at that place all night. On December 7, the enemy attacked us, during which we nearly lost Captain Emerson's company, because they got too far out on our right. But they fought their way out. On December 12, we are only about one fourth of a mile from the Charleston-Savannah Railroad, shelling every train, (some loaded with troops) in an attempt to prevent General Beauregard's army from going to Savannah where General Sherman now is. Many rebel troops had to be kept there to defend the railroad. We threw shells every five minutes into a fort. On December 14, we hear from many rebel prisoners of the surrender of Fort McAllister at Savannah, and of the probable

entrance of Sherman into the city. Soon afterwards, there is great cheering on the part of the troops and the firing of salutes on account of the reported capture of Savannah.

The night before Christmas was beyond words to describe. We were located close to a sheet of water not more than thirty-five feet wide on our front but deep, through which the tide ebbed and flowed. On our left the water was one mile wide. We were less than two hundred fifty yards from the Charleston Railroad, and so had to keep as quiet as possible for safety's sake, taking whatever came along. It became very cold, the footing was muddy, and the tide rose to my knees. Our main purpose in being at such a place was to stop rebel troop trains, as was mentioned before, and also to prevent boats and men landing on a bridge being put over the Creek. Christmas day itself was right cold and very miserable, while we were on picket duty. Again, on New Year's Day, on picket duty at the same place, and there continues to be much the same routine. Then we are relieved and get back to firing at trains, now seven hundred yards away, sometimes making hits. On January 11, Remick and I go back to the Landing to get something to eat; on the 14th, on picket duty, finding the enemy gone; on the 21st, on picket, receiving this day some papers from Mr. Francis H. Peabody; on the 28th, on picket. On January 29th, we commence our march on Charleston, some troops moving into the rebel fort, while Sherman's army begins to come up. On February 6, we just lay in camp; on the 9th, do picket duty again, finding it very cold. Over 1,000 negroes came into camp, while we go out and pick up a lot of cattle to kill for rations. On February 17, we cross the river and find very strong forts, which the

rebels quickly abandon. On this day, General Beecher comes back to duty from the hospital. The next day, I discover that some one in Sherman's army stole my revolver in the night. At day light, I was off across the Ashepoo and South Edisto Rivers, marching all day.

Upon reaching camp, on the 21st, I am given fifty men and ordered to go out five miles to a house which is being pillaged by some rebel soldiers and negroes, in order to protect the women who are inside. Dr. H. G. Marcy, our surgeon, volunteered to go with me. We started immediately, pushed ahead quickly, and, on getting near the house, find the road filled with negroes carrying arms full of household goods. We placed our men about them and compelled them to take the stuff back to the large mansion. Then, making for the house, I drove everyone out, and went upstairs where the servants said the women were. When I opened a door of one of the rooms, a candle showed me four women almost frightened to death. I told them I had fifty men to protect them and that a doctor would be right up. As soon as the doctor came up and quieted the women, I went out side and made our men take away from the pillagers every single bundle and other article and bring them back into the mansion. It was now daylight and I found something to eat. Soon afterwards, the army appeared under General Potter who commanded the Coast Division (General Sherman's Army). He told me that the bridge ahead on the Comtaha River had been burned by the rebels and for me to go into the country and find a barn with large timbers with which to repair it--Reporting back immediately to my commanding officers, I told him of my orders, receiving ten men and a sergeant, and started off three miles to St. Paul Plantation, where I found large fine timbers of just the right size. When we got up there, we came upon

eight horses left by the cavalry, so I ordered my men to rig one of them up for me to ride, telling the sergeant to report back to the company, while I rode ahead to report to the general. Well, I got on the horse and away he just flew over the road, which appeared to be filled with men. I did my best to hold the horse in, but I could not. So I yelled as the horse went on and the men yelled, several having narrow escapes. Still going on a mad run, we passed General Potter and staff who was on a hill looking at the river five hundred feet away. Still going down to the level ground, I saw the burning timbers of the bridge ahead and realized that the horse and I would be thrown into them. So I made a start, sprang out of the saddle, and landed upon my feet, but in the effort got my sword caught and was knocked ten feet flat on my back. I looked up but could not move. The poor horse, whose trouble I afterwards learned was a sore back, turned around and came to me. Very soon, the surgeon of the 107th Ohio Regiment appeared at my side, set my dislocated left shoulder joint, and rubbed my back. Then I walked up to the general, reported, and sought out General Marcy, who bandaged me up. After that, I reported to Captain Armstrong, who sent two men back to a house, from which they brought back an old-style family carry-all, one horse, and one mule. Just then it began to rain and pour, and, in the downfall, I was put in the rear seat, with two of my men in front. Starting for the South Ediston Road at noon on February 22, we reached the river at one o'clock in the morning of the 23rd, waited for the boat until two o'clock, got ashore in Charleston and into a house at daybreak. I was pretty sore, sleepy, and hungry. Dr. Marcy found an empty mansion in the

city which he used as a hospital for me and our wounded men, where I was placed in charge, made to sign for requisitions, and told to keep quiet.

On February 27, when the regiment went out into the country, the doctor again admonished me to remain quiet, but I went all over the city, viewing the results of our bombing during four years. Some houses had large holes in the walls, some were set on fire by the rebels as they were leaving, and many had been completely destroyed. On March 4, Lieutenant Krebs returned from the hospital where he had been placed after being wounded at Honey Hill in November. I liked him far better than any other officer and went out with him over the city every day. Certainly no one who walked about this city then would like to live in it, for the lower districts especially were entirely riddled. At this time Lieutenant Clark came into the city from our regiment thirty-one miles away in the country. Now and then we found shells which had not exploded. For this the rebels would pay a price.

When the regiment returned, on March 18, I go back on duty, making camp at Mount Pleasant, overlooking the bay and the very pretty harbor of Charleston. On March 18, I am on picket duty. On April 2, we move to the Citadel, a very large building used by the state as a military institute and provost duty. Our entire regiment is housed here in the center of the city, with a large parade ground out in front, four of the companies going to the entrenchments. On April 4, I was detailed as adjutant on Colonel Willard's staff, located one and a half miles from the city. On the very first night, there was much excitement, as the country, apparently, was rushing in droves to live in the city, but no serious trouble resulted. On April 14, came to us the news of Lee's

surrender, and everyone went wild. On April 19, we hear of the death of Lincoln, and, as everyone is much excited from the events of the last few days, Company K is ordered to reenter the city to occupy the upper Guard House, Captain Armstrong and I, with seventy-five of the company, being instructed to police one half of city from the Citadel to the Neck. The guard house contained a large enclosed yard as a lock-up for two hundred men and quarters for officers at the entrance. On May 3, General Johnson surrenders his army, formally ending the war. Three days later, on May 6, the rebels in front of us surrender and come into the city, where our job becomes very busy, since martial law is proclaimed and everyone must have a pass after ten o'clock at night.

Provost Marshal Work after War, especially at Walterboro, South Carolina,  
June, 1865-September, 1865.

On June 12, I am paid off to the amount of \$580.00, and soon the regiment is scattered about in several towns and counties. My particular job is to make contracts between plantation owners and negroes about crops. By the contract the owner furnishes the seed and advances food in the form of meal, pork, salt, etc. At the end of a year, the owner is paid one half and the planter the other half out of the proceeds from the sale of the crops. Only married men were allowed to sign and all work, both male and females. Finding plantations with from fifty to two hundred and fifty negroes, I selected a sergeant, two corporals, and ten men, taught them to go among the workers to educate them to the idea, and arranged for work in groups of twenty to twenty-five. It was up to me to make them sign and agree and I was very successful in closing up many plantations very quickly. On July 3, I marched the company to Sumerville, and, although there was little of moment, I am here

today and there tomorrow, mostly keeping order wherever any one wants a little trouble. There was excitement and interest, however, in riding about the country on a horse, viewing houses stripped of everything, and meeting the best people, who often ask me to stop with them, feed me, talk with me, entertain me, and make me feel as if I was living on the fat of the land. Often I take a day's run into Charleston, meet and call on any of the officers who happen to be near (as others are doing), visit the company, and take another run out to stop with a family, where the girls take me in all right.

On July 30, Company K is ordered to Walterboro, South Carolina, a small but pretty county seat, having a large brick court house and jail with fine trees about. After we had marched thirty-five miles and about a mile from the town, the captain sent me ahead to find quarters for the men. Riding in briskly, I found Captain Pierce's company in a state of mutiny and the captain himself badly frightened. The trouble had started from the drummer boy's stealing from a store and the captain's tying him up. Three times the men had cut the boy loose, got hold of their guns, and threatened to shoot the captain. Well, I told the captain I would fix them. So, seeing the men all near the court house, I rode over to them and ordered the sergeant to fall them in line. They still held back. Then I gave the order myself, having a revolver handy but not showing it. Again they held back and again I ordered them in line, adding, "You will." One by one they came into line. Straightway, I made them count off and stack arms, told the captain to shoot the first man to lay hands on a gun, and rode back at a quick gait to my captain and made my report. Double quick up they came. Upon arrival,

we placed nineteen mutineers in jail, courtmarshalled them all, dishonorably discharged them, and caused them to lose all pay and never to receive a pension." After all, they were just mislead!

Well, I was soon ordered to have all the men of the county take the oath of allegiance to the United States, on pain of receiving no protection for their property, and I administered the oath to 4500 persons who came to the Court House. As I had been assistant provost-marshal since May 9, it was solely up to me to protect people and property and keep the district peaceful. This meant work, as a few houses had been set on fire and two murders had recently been committed. Well, I got an order to take away all guns, swords, and revolvers from everyone, and I just filled that large court room with the collection, giving a receipt for each weapon. In two weeks, I received another order to turn all weapons back to men who had taken the oath. And so there continued to be small troubles in an attempt to cover a very large territory of thirty-one miles across, handling one hundred and seventy-five men in all, fifty of whom were on duty inside the town and twenty-five outside every day. In all, my relations started off somewhat unpleasant, the "Seces women" often spitting in or at my face, but at the end, my departure was much regretted.

To return to routine matters--New troubles came every day, some near at hand, others ten or nine miles away. Although the war had not touched the area in the way of killings or severe damage, the end of hostilities brought an end of any real authority and the beginning of confusion, panic, and lack of little power to enforce order. Many cases now required instant

action, sometimes involving two negroes, and at others three hundred negroes. In such cases, eight or ten cavalrymen and a sergeant would be sent to arrest the ring leaders and gain control, severe punishment being given occasionally on the spot and no distinction being made between white and black. Shootings, house burnings, and stealing were promptly settled, and shortly the country became effectively safe for man and beast for all time. I shall mention one particular case that came before me for disposal--a yellow girl, about seventeen years of age and very pretty, a house servant owned as a slave by the son of a wealthy man prominent in politics. The girl made the complaint that she had been tied up, stripped of her clothes, and whipped so that welts appeared upon her back. I had a corporal and two men bring the man to me, whom, after examination, I sent to jail. With the rest of the prisoners he was sent after breakfast, according to custom, to sweep the streets and clean the gutters around town, usually under guard of a corporal and four men armed with muskets and bayonets. After two days of imprisonment, I gave the man his freedom with orders to leave town within twenty-four hours. The next day, however, he came back with a note requesting a duel with me, but he was advised to depart. I never saw him after that.

On September 21, Captain Armstrong and Pierce came back from Charleston, where they had gone on court marshal on September 18 (on a mutiny case), bringing me a commission from the Secretary of War as first lieutenant of the United States Volunteers. I started for Charleston on the same day, am

mustered on September 25, and return on the 26th, by way of George's Station. But I paid a man \$9.00 to take me to Walterboro, because I hated Captain White who was stationed there and did not want to go near him. At this time, Companies D, E, and F are ordered to go to Georgetown, sixty miles north of Charleston, on the Atlantic Coast. (I had recently been transferred from Company K to Company F.) Instructions came from President Johnson to return to the owners all arms taken away. I had taken over a thousand pieces and delivered to each and every one whatever belonged to him. As a last duty, I had to keep order at an election held for a representative. A few got drunk and rode and raced up and down the streets, but all was otherwise quiet. I had twenty-five guards hidden out of sight in the basement of the Court House, ready for an emergency. Benj. Stokes, the Union candidate, was elected.

On the evening of this same day, Captain Armstrong and I were invited to dinner at Colonel Izzard's house, where the table was set with rich silver plates. On another occasion, Colonel Bedan, the richest man in the county, gave a dinner to Major Burrage, Captain Farmer (Intendant or Major), Colonel Izzard, and myself, and furnished a very pleasant evening, all in my honor, on the eve of my departure for Georgetown. They paid me many compliments and expressed the satisfaction the townspeople felt towards me for the protection and safety they had received, adding their deep regrets at my going. The Colonel wanted me to locate in Walterboro, promising to deed me one hundred fifty acres of land. But, at that time of my life

(21 years of age), this would not hold me, for I had larger visions in my mind. I judge now these visions must have decreased. Life does not pan out as it appears at twenty one. It is different with many, but, as for me, my temperament called for activity. Incidentally, Colonel Bedan, at his own expense, had taken a hundred men with guns, uniforms, and everything to help the Confederates at Charleston (later, he told me, the politicians got him), and lost his own son in the war. His son-in-law, a lieutenant-colonel under General Lee in Virginia, with service all through the war, was a fine fellow and became very kind and helpful to me. Major Burrage, whose family had originally moved to South Carolina from Connecticut, served as postmaster for the Confederates, and later was appointed provost-judge. Mr. Farmer, like so many southern gentlemen, had a pretty daughter, who proved very kind. In fact, just before my departure, when the girls came to get the mail, they all exclaimed: "Oh, it is too bad. Why don't you stay?" One young lady, in romantic fashion, came to bid me good-bye at 3 A. M. on the morning I was leaving to go twenty miles to the nearest railroad station. This same lady sent a letter to me in 1880, addressed simply to Boston, which I fortunately received, and afterwards wrote other letters. She enclosed her photograph and related a very singular story, telling how she had been sent by her brother to a convent, became a nun, served as teacher in the convent for many years, got away and obtained a position outside as school teacher in the public schools, was located by her brother and driven out of the job, and finally forced by her brother out of another position.

Leaving Walterboro on September 28, I arrived at Charleston and spent the day on the 29th in a pleasant round of visits, calling on the officers of our regiment still on duty there. Major-General Charles Devens appointed me assistant provost-marshall of the fourth Sub-District at Georgetown, and I boarded the steamer, "General Hooker," a fine harbor boat used through the war as a transport. We sailed through Charleston Harbor past Fort Sumter of fame, and up the coast sixty miles into Georgetown Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, having two large rivers emptying into it, one the Waccama rising in North Carolina and the other the Black. There was no railroad near the area. The town itself was very old and had a Revolutionary history. The surrounding country comprised very large rice plantations, which furnished the principal crops for blockade runners. On one of these plantations or estates, the Hagley Plantation, I was located, there being 1,000 negroes there and no whites. In fact, the people here had suffered much more than at Walterboro, houses had been deserted especially near the rivers, and families had left for England and had not returned.

Colonel A. J. Willard, a judge from New York City, was in command here, with five hundred soldiers. My work did not prove difficult, for, although eight murders were committed and several houses damaged and nothing done about it, on the whole there was little to do in putting the parish in order. The Colonel and his wife entertain a good deal, and my old friend Lieutenant Krebs, now adjutant, chums around with me. A Miss Pringle, living up the Waccama River, left a small saddle horse with me, which I rode considerably. On one occasion (December 13), I left the

horse outside of a store and it was taken. Immediately, going out fifteen miles into the country, attended only by one man, I got the horse, seized two men, and brought them in town and placed them in jail, where the court gave them ninety days, sawing wood and doing all sorts of jobs. Well, changes come and Colonel Willard goes to Charleston with the 35th U. S. Volunteers, relieved by the 6th U. S. Infantry and 54th New York, but Harry Krebs remains as adjutant and I as provost-marshall. Soon, on January 4, 1866, I am relieved by Captain Woodbury Smith and made commissary and assistant quartermaster by order of General Charles Devens, Commander of the Department of South Carolina and Savannah, and placed upon his staff. This new assignment permits me to go to Charleston quite often and visit very pleasantly with many of our officers who are serving these on court marshal duties and as staff officers. I am certainly enjoying the cream.

In my work as quartermaster and health officer of the Post, I have charge of a stable containing thirty horses, four army wagons, and twelve mules; a bakery for six hundred and fifty men, consuming a barrel of flour every other day; a blacksmith shop; a saddlery shop; and a carpenter shop, where many coffins now have to be made for the many persons who are dying of the smallpox raging about there, particularly among the negroes. Several times, I go up the river on an ocean steamer twenty-five to forty miles to purchase fifty cords of wood, and often invite all the women on board for the trip, thereby making life a dream. Several of the old families come to secure rations of coffee,

sugar, pork, bacon, flour, etc., for, though they are the owners of large plantations, they have no crops as yet. They come hungry, clad in silk dresses of old vintage, in the family carriage driven by a negro. Times are hard with them. My superior, Colonel Smith is a fine man of the old army before the war; my quartermaster and commissary sergeants, of the 6th U. S. Infantry, are also fine, and everything goes on very nicely, without worry or fault finding.

My social life is all so pleasant at Georgetown, also. Many women have come into our life in dances, picnics, parties, horse-back riding, and many other ways, almost every day. In March, for example, Major Hixson, U. S. A. Postmaster, and I get up an unusual and large pleasure party, going by steamer down Georgetown Bay, and up the Waccama River through fine country, and receive great praise for a very nice trip. All my fellow-officers on duty at Georgetown, Captain Rife in command of the 6th U. S. Infantry Battalion, Captain W. G. Smith of the 35th U. S. Volunteers, Provost Judge Captain Seaton in command of the 54th New York Volunteers, Captain Boyer a U. S. A. Surgeon, and Lieutenant H. Krebs 35th U. S. Volunteers acting adjutant-general, have seen service and are very congenial companions. Of the natives the Pringle family, in particular, proved most hospitable. One of the family who had served through the war in the Virginia army under General Lee invited me duck shooting--I went out to his plantation. At

bed time he showed me my room, tucked me into bed, came at 2 A. M. to wake me up, and gave me something to eat. We then got on our horses, rode to the Waccama River, and were rowed across a frozen bay by a negro. With guns having muzzles large enough to put in an egg, we crept to the edge, started the ducks up, and fired, picking up a large number with a single shot. And, so, with this Pringle family I am on very friendly terms, often visiting their finely selected house on the edge of a bluff above the river. On Christmas, Lieutenant Krebs and Leemis went with me about the town. The negroes were having a joyful time singing and dancing, consuming lots of wine and cake, but there was no trouble anywhere.

On March 20, I was made assistant provost judge and had court duties. Soon, General Smith Brevet and I moved our quarters to Indigo Hall, a fine old brick building, with an excellent library, having served before the war for a high-class club. It dated back to colonial days and had Washington as guest. My associate civilian judges were Judge Nelson and Judge Kenney, both well-known lawyers and judges and fine gentlemen. The Court had a busy time, handling a large number of cases, many of which were petty but time-consuming. Everything about the court work went off pleasantly, although it seemed peculiar that I could fill the position with men so much older than myself. But it seems I did.

At this point, I wish to list in order the various appointments I received since January 1, 1866. Most of my positions had the "assistant" prefixed, although I was the

only one, because volunteer officers are so designated to distinguish them from the officers of the regular army doing the same work.

Fourth Sub District, South Carolina  
assistant quartermaster  
assistant Commissary  
Provost Judge  
assistant Provost Marshal, relieving Captain Smith  
Harbor Master  
Treasurer of Court  
assistant Treasurer of the Port  
assistant adjutant to Captain Smith, U. S. A.

The last three positions I held only one week, so as to close the accounts of the several discharged officers. Finally, I, in turn, transferred all my property and moneys to Colonel Smith, and was relieved and ordered to Sumerville, South Carolina. My quartermaster and commissary property accounts came out all right, I received a receipt from Colonel Smith, and, at last, was just happy to rid myself of all responsibilities since last September.

Transfer to Charleston, South Carolina and Discharge, May, June, 1866.

On May 1, 1866, I leave Georgetown by boat forever, en route to Charleston. Mr. Wright, United States Commissioner, and his daughter, Miss Clara, were also on the same steamer, and invited me to stop at their house in Charleston for a few days. I had a very enjoyable stay, revisiting the effects of our shelling during the four years of the war. Then I reported to General

Beecher at Sumerville and met officers I had not seen since February 22, 1865, all of whom were glad to see me. I was glad to see them, some of whom I never saw again, as they came from many states. The day after I arrived, I was detailed officer of the day, and a few days later I had to participate in regimental drill. On May 22, the regiment was in Charleston and on the 26th it was disbanded, after a review by General Charles Devens on the Citadel Parade Grounds. This was our final drill. On June 4, 1866, the officers were mustered out of the United States service. My papers were all right and I was paid off, stopping that night at Mr. Wright's. General Sickles, who had relieved General Devens as commander of the District of South Carolina and Georgia, invited the officers to the Thirty Fifth United States Volunteers and Sixth Infantry U. S. A. to headquarters, and there I had the pleasure of tipping my glass filled by the General with Italian wine and drinking to our "Good Health and Prosperity." Afterwards, the officers and band of the Sixth U. S. Infantry serenaded the General--Alas, our memories are the sweetest of all! It was indeed a sad good-bye for all of us, many never to meet again--several, however, lived in Boston: Captain Emerson, Captain Daniels, Dr. H. O. Marcy, Captain White, Captain Ladd, Captain Smith, Captain Gates, Captain Pierce, Lieutenant Barbour, and Adjutant Dorr. Most of the enlisted men were from North Carolina.

Return to Canton, Massachusetts-Subsequent Career-1865-1932.

Well, we go aboard steamer for New York, have a hard storm off Cape Hatteras, pulled through all right, and, upon arrival at New York, put up at the Astor House. The following day we ride down to Central Park in style. On July 2, I reached Canton, rather disappointed at finding that my father had sold his farm on Dedham Road and had purchased a general store in the village. A number of young fellows, Walter Fowler, Ezra Abbott, Billy Dunbar, Sid Smith, and Walter Harlow, soon took me to dinner--a really good dinner--at Captain Bill Tucker's Hotel in Ponkapoag.

Subsequently, filled with unrest, I floated around in Boston and back again in Canton, until finally I put my money in my father's store and worked there a year. But I did not know enough about business, for every dollar's worth of goods today could be bought for less tomorrow on a falling market. At the end of the year, I took out \$100.00 and gave all the rest to my father, who opened a store at Ponkapoag, and then I attended Comers College in Boston. Soon I was working for Kidder, Peabody & Company, Bankers, in Boston. About that time (1868), I joined Post 15 G. A. R. in Boston and in 1869 became a charter member of the Canton Post. For a time, I stayed in Boston, studying music and putting my savings in the Canton store. In 1869, I took a business trip to Cleveland with inducements and expectations which fell through owing to the death of the other person. Then I secured a job there in a large dry-goods store, but I did not like the work and proceeded on to New York and back to Boston.

Pushing on in my music, I ran a store in Charlestown on commission and did well. Next, I opened a real estate office in Boston for a while, continuing to play music considerably up to 1876, eventually becoming a member of the Metropolitan Band. Meanwhile, I took a travelling salesman's job between seasons, with a route which carried me to Nova Scotia, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts. My line of goods included picture moulding, photo chemicals, etc. After four years with the same concern, I ran a store in my own name at 17 Court Street, corner of School and Washington Streets, and at other places in Boston, selling on certainty and commission and doing very well. Finally, I confined myself solely to music and succeeded well, also. In 1880, I bought a farm in Sharon and then took a job as salesman and bookkeeper with a concern manufacturing pool and billiard tables, with the agreement that I could play my music whenever I wished. This position I held from 1880 to 1914, though I gave up my music in 1893 forever.

In 1914, I retired to my farm in Sharon and have continued living there ever since, enjoying life and being filled with memories and experiences that would fill a book, if I were to tell my entire story.